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HN PECS X

THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTERS

F. HUGH O'DONNELL

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The Message of the Masters

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The Message of the Masters

A Legend of Ailleach

By

F. Hugh O'Donnell

London

John Long

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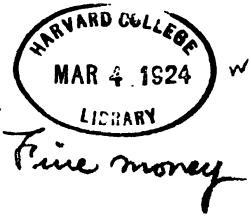

Fine money

Dedicated

TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF

HUGH O'DONNEL, PRINCE OF TIR CONNELL

WHO BY REPEATED VICTORIES

DEFENDED CONSCIENCE AND COUNTRY

AGAINST THE ENGLISH OPPRESSORS OF BOTH

AND WHO ON THAT ACCOUNT

WHILE ON A MILITARY MISSION TO SPAIN

WAS POISONED AT VALLADOLID

ANNO DOMINI MDCII.

BY AN ASSASSIN AVOWEDLY SENT FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF

ROBERT CECIL, EARL OF SALISBURY

ELIZABETH BOLEYN BEING QUEEN IN ENGLAND

PREFACE

THIS is not the poem of a rebel. Rebellion implies government. The thing which infests Ireland has been called a cancer. It is not a government.

This is not the book of an enemy of the English nation. I have always sought the welfare of the masses of the English people.

This is not the fabrication of a partisan. All is historical fact in the present as in the past. I have placed in the mouth of the Masters the denunciation of the Huns and Vandals of Tudor and Cromwell. I have not concealed the O'Connellite imposture nor the poor pretence of Parnellism.

Neither have I passed unnoticed that un-

paralleled portent of degeneracy, the wholesale desertion of the national tongue by a national clergy.

Though the Irish Catholic clergy have been free from every real vestige of proscription for more than a century; though they have been usually courted intermediaries between rulers and ruled; though their sermons were free as their writings were free, they led the van of speech Anglicisation; and, while five Irishmen in six were still hardly conversant with any tongue but Irish, the seminary presided over by the successors of Patrick and Malachy,

'The Saxon-built Iona upon Magh-Nuadha's plain,'

was turning out thousands of young Levites, increasingly incapable of expounding the doctrines of the Church in the language of the Nation. By every parish steeple a parish school arose, blest by O'Connell,

that idol of the clergy, managed by the parish priest, and officially and perpetually engaged in eradicating the Irish language.

In a score of European nations, in the stress of the direst national misfortunes, the national clergy, as in Poland, have been the impregnable bulwark of the national speech. In Ireland alone priestly hands were foremost in digging the grave of the native tongue.

Nor was the loss national alone. It meant personal downfall and race degradation. Millions of Irishmen, who could not possibly acquire knowledge except through the medium of their own language, and who were denied knowledge except in the tongue of enemies, were scattered over the world with the brand of ignorance, and in the ignorance of almost every prerequisite of culture and progress. Just as,

during fourteen centuries, the Irish clergy were knit to the very soul of Irish nationality, so, during the last century, their dominant effort has seemed to be to eradicate the very soul of the Irish nation. Like their broguing parliamentarians,

'The Gaelic was their scandal, the Beurla was their pride.'

F. HUGH O'DONNELL.

The Message of the Masters

A Legend of Aileach

THE VIGIL OF THE KINGS

WITHIN the Mount of Aileach there spreads a Vale of Spears,
Where hawk-eyed Kings keep vigil, till Columb's Dawn appears,
Beneath the fairy starlight, that rains a radiance clear
From fairy stars of silver, that light a sapphire sphere;

Beside a grove of glamour that's filled with armèd men;
Around a thousand camp fires, the camps of thousands ten;
And all the place is holy, where shades of heroes be,
Who cannot rest in Heaven until their Land be free.

And 'mid that magic starlight that shines on sword and spear;
Where magic stars of silver suffuse a radiance clear,
And by that grove of glamour that's filled with armèd men,
The centre of the chieftains who lead those thousands ten,

A Hugh to Hugh is speaking, while clansmen wait around,
Their glibbed heads on their mantles, their claymores on the ground;
A Hugh to Hugh is speaking: 'My Comrade and Ally,
Bloodbrother of the Ford Fight that saw the Marshal die,

'How long must last our watching? How long our wolf-hounds wait?
The Ages Three are ending, the Ages black with fate.
And One was woful war work; and One, like lean wolf, came
To rend the wreck of battle; and One is Sleep of Shame.

'From foul Kinsale to Luimneach, where England's Peace was sworn,
The peace that Saxons promise, no sooner signed than torn;

The Vigil of the Kings

From Luimneach to the Gibbets, the Doom of
Ninety-Eight;
And now this Time of Talkers, when Jew-kept
Poltroons prate.

'Had I them on the Curlews, hadst thou them at
the Ford,
They got, I trow, their guerdon from boot and flat
of sword!
The moments ere the morning are darkest of the
night,
The backset ere the onset is sorest stress of fight.

'Comes not the crown of waiting? Comes not the
Dawning near?
The clansmen start in slumber and grasp at sword
and spear.
Say, Monarch of Tir Owen, say, Kingliest O'Neil,
How stands to-day our Erin? How stands the
Saxon Pale?'

So spake the Fair O'Donnel, Tir Connel's truest
son,
The English never faced him, but they were fleet
to run.
False Cecil's poison slew him beyond the hills of
Spain,
Within Enchanted Aileach he waits his hour
again.

THE SENDING OF THE MASTERS

'THOU hast thy famous Masters,' the elder King replied,
'The Masters Four who garnered the Annals of our pride:
Cucógry, Cónary, Míchal; O'Clery's learned line,
And Fúrfesa O'Mulcónry; the Ollamhs Four Divine.

'Their tongues are true for telling, as quick their ears to hear,
They are not like the Talkers, who cheat our Erin dear;
And if to-day ye send them in viewless shape to spy,
If men still move in Erin, their lips can never lie.'

Oh wise the word and wary, O'Neil hath ever said.
Tir Connel's King hath harkened, and forth the Masters sped;
Cucógry, Cónary, Míchal; O'Clery's learned line,
And Fúrfesa O'Mulcónry; the Ollamhs Four Divine.

They go on paths pellucid, they rise above the grove,
Abroad through Holy Ireland in viewless shape to rove;
All in the robe of Francis, the sainted robe of brown,
Where, by the stained inkhorn, the Cross of Christ hung down.

Forth fared the Noble Masters where Suilly's breezes blow,
The mountain oped its portals the pathway they should go.
The gates of stone were lifted, the screens of bracken rent.
Forth fared into the daylight the Masters who were sent.

Nine counties lay beneath them, as viewlessly they rose,
To mark through utmost Erin, dear Erin's friends and foes.
They looked to South and Northward, they looked to East and West,
They looked with love on Suilly, and hied them to their quest.

Three Shadows sped to Southward. From Docwra's Fort to Bann,

From Bann to laggard Lagan, Cucógry sought a man.
A lordly eagle saw them, that soared o'er Sliab Snacht's height;
He stooped his stately pinions and bowed his eyes of light.

CUCÓGRY'S MUSINGS

O IRELAND, Ancient Ireland, Thou Land of Old Renown,
The Land of Saint and Hero, where Learning wore a crown;
The Oldest Land of Europe, by Free Men ever trod,
Who knew not Cæsar's sceptre, but kept the Gift of God,
The Birthright of their Nation, that came from His Right Hand,
When on His Throne of Thunder He named the Irish Land.

O Ireland, Beauteous Ireland, how fair a face was thine,
Ere England's fires and hatchets, ere Tudor's rooting swine—
They wasted grove and garden, they wasted field and wood;
They kindled home and altar, and drowned the wreck in blood.
They taxed again and taxed us; they stripped us house and hall;
They fattened on our Famine; they rose upon our fall.

Nor corn nor horn in Desmond! They wasted
grain and beast,
And in Tir Owen's valleys the Hunger spread his
feast.
From Catherlagh to Kerry the land is smoking
black,
The Pathway of the Pirate, the Saxon Torch's
Track.
And if ye clear the ashes, and if ye search the slain,
What horror, O what horror, is crimsoning the
plain!

The priest lies, brained and broken, where stood
the Cross of God;
His thin, white hairs are clotted, blood-clotted, to
the sod;
In one red pool together the babe and mother
swim,
And white, white flesh of maidens, and men hacked
limb from limb.
Not here had tigers mangled, the desert's raging
brutes,
But England's Christian Captains, her Cromwells
and her Cootes!

The merry Mirth of England! The English
cavaliers,
They jest at Irish infants they toss upon their
spears:
'Who spoke of sparing sucklings? Root out the
Celtic Race,

The sire and spawn together. Sharp steel is wisest grace.
Cut down the teeming mother. Rip up her fertile side.
We shall have tamed the Irish, when last of last have died.

'Who spoke of sparing sucklings? For fools such scruples nice!
The babe would grow to rebel. The nits would grow to lice!'
Where Coote, Carew, or Raleigh, his Gospel Mission plies,
Not Attila, nor Moloch could better civilise;
And richest reek of slaughter can never sate nor cloy
England's and Hell's Red Angel, Lord Deputy Mountjoy!

THE RETURN OF THE MASTERS

THRICE thirty days are counted, thrice thirty days
are o'er,
The Four have met together at Aileach's Mount
once more.
The mountain oped its portals the pathway they
should go,
To leave the lands of sunlight where Suilly's
breezes blow.

The bracken screens are lifted, the walls of rock
are rent,
For passage to the Masters, for homage to the Sent.
The portals of the mountain are lifted as on wings,
The Viewless Shapes have entered and stand
before the Kings.

THE MUSTER OF THE CHIEFS

O HOW the Kings and Heroes rush up the Vale of Spears,
And haughty hearts are beating and fierce eyes wet with tears.
'O speak, O speak, our Masters, how doth our Erin fare?
And move there men in Erin? And is it now to dare?'

Tir Connel's Hugh is sobbing, and stately, cold O'Neil,
And Owen Roe victorious, dressed in his Spanish mail,
And Art O'Cavanagh's gripping the Connacht Ard Righ's hand,
The Soldier-Priests of Wexford have joined the sacred band;

And many an ancient harper, and many a chief of song,
The bards of Ireland's Battle against the Land of Wrong;
The Writers of our Story, the Poet's golden clan,
Luke Wadding and MacFirbis and blind O'Carolan;

Louvain and Paris teachers, and collegers of Rome,
And schoolmen from the Danube and Salamanca's dome;
With Thomas Moore and Davis, who raised again the Green,
And tuneful Clarence Mangan, who sang Dark Rosaleen.

See Shán the King comes riding, proud Ulster's proudest knight,
In royal robe of saffron, all on his war-horse white;
With Kildare's Silken Thomas, who flung too soon the sword,
That might have cut our bondage, on Tudor's council board;
O'Carrol, Prince of Ely, the lion in the way;
And Battleaxe MacSwiney, from Fanad's mountains grey;

O'More, our glorious Rury, who chased the Planter Foe,
O'More who planned the rising that brought us Owen Roe;
O'Gara, bounteous giver to annalist and bard,
To latest age of ages that name let Ireland guard;
O'Kelly of Hy Many, O'Farrel, Longford's pride,
And many a bold Mackenna, who far from Oriel died;

O'Kennedy of Ormond, O'Ryan of Idrone,
O'Cahan of Tir Cahan, the battler of Tirone;

The Muster of the Chiefs

O'Felan, Lord of Desies, O'Toole of true Imayle,
O'Duffies and O'Mearas, who kept the Golden Vale;
O'Hanlons, Chiefs of Orior, with Remy's Rapparees;—
When Remy's men are riding, how fast the planter flees!—

MacCann of broad Clanbrasil, MacManus of Loch Erne,
MacGrath, the courtly champion, the Lord of Templecarne;
MacGee, who held the Island, MacGinnis of Iveagh,
MacLoghlin and O'Donnellan, the wardens of Loch Neagh;

MacMahon, Lord of Truagh, MacDonnel of the Glens,
MacDaid, the Oakgrove's Ranger, who smoked the Robbers' dens,
O'Hurley, Cashel's Martyr, whom Saxon tortures slew,
And Dublin's sainted Lawrence, Bishop and Soldier, too;

O'Malley of the Waters, O'Daly of the Wood;
O'Doherty's Sir Cahir, whose dawn was drowned in blood;
O'Dwyer of the Mountain, O'Driscol of the Shore;
O'Flaherty the Fearless, where Aran's surges roar.

MacGuire of fair Fermanagh by Dunboy's Chieftain runs,
And Sarsfield shouts with passion, as when he broke the guns.
With Desmond's last Fitzgerald is high MacCarthy Mor,
And Glenmalure's O'Byrne strides up to join the Four.

Amid the press of chieftains go Three of simpler mien,
But of the stuff of heroes,—they proved it well I ween,—
O'Brien, Lorcan, Allen; for brothers nobly bold,
Whom felon tyrants murdered in Salford's felon hold.
The quicklime ate their ashes in that unholy ground,
Their Race will hold them sacred, where'er their Race is found.

O gallantly they bear them, Count Lally and Lord Clare.
The Land would be well guarded if their brigade were there;
And though their hosts be scattered from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
They'll ride through Rhine and Danube to come to Ireland's aid;
Their word, 'Remember Limerick!' their hope the crowning joy,
To raise in Irish valleys the Cheer of Fontenoy.

The Muster of the Chiefs

A curse upon the rabble, the scum of Rebel France,
Who trapped the Exiled Legion and broke the Exile's lance!
O shame and shame eternal! when bound and bowed was seen
The last Brigader kneeling, where knelt the Martyr Queen.
The Terror's red knife flashes above the strong neck bare,
So fearless died Count Dillon in France's Man-Beast Lair.

O'Connel, broken Tribune, he sorrows as he goes,
For years of Dastard Doctrine, the joy of Ireland's foes;
'Woe, woe, my fatal folly, woe, woe, my craven creed!
One blood-drop price too precious for homes and altars freed!
Woe, woe, I taught the Pikemen their tender skins to save.
I led them from the sword stroke, but not the Famine Grave.'

O'Connel, mighty Tribune, his big heart heaves with pain;
His speech would speed the Pikemen, could he be back again.
But all too late his sorrow beneath that fairy sky,
His grief is late to save them, the Millions he let die.

He shuns the eyes of chieftains, who poured their life like wine,
In Freedom's Red Baptising, for Ireland's Right Divine.

In saffron robe and mantle, in jewelled torque and chain;
With bossed and burnished targes, with swords that smote the Dane;
With sparkling spur and feather, with helms and crowns of gold;
In armour like Crusaders, in cloaks of Spanish fold;
In buffcoat and in beaver, in France's old array;
In green, like Robert Emmet, they crowd along the way.

For Ireland, All for Ireland, the Centuries are there;
The passion of their craving is storming through the air:—
'O speak, O speak, our Masters, how doth our Erin fare?
And is it now for battle? And is it now to dare?'
The Chiefs are hot with hating the noisome Night of Words,
The Chiefs are wild with waiting the leaping Light of Swords.

THE MOURNING OF THE MASTERS

'THE hour is come for daring. The ills of Erin grow.
Better the brunt of battle than friendship of the foe.
Better a field of honour and graves of deathless dead
Than rot in a pen like wethers, till scab-worms full have fed!'

'And are the worms so plenty?' the Count O'Mahony cries,
'And, like a sick sheep rotting, has Erin no voice but sighs?'
'They sighed not at Cremona, who had but musket and shirt,
The bite of a ball were cleaner than die a death of dirt.'

'We wandered wide through Erin,' again the Masters say,
'From Fair Head over Alba to Lost O'Sullivan's Bay.
We walked and watched through Erin, and entered at fast and feast,

In the churches of Christ, and the houses, where
man is drenched to a beast.

'There's a scab on the winnowed corn and on the
growing stalk,
A scab on clerk and layman, on the sellers and
buyers of talk.
And sore the sights and shameful that our sad eyes
have seen.
A weary way of sorrow our paths of pain have
been.

'It is not the Saxon's soldiers, but the Saxon's
slaves we fear.
The traders in Faith and Freedom, the knaves who
trim and veer.
They wear the True Men's colour; they vaunt the
Days of Old.
Their Father's name is Judas, who Friend and
Saviour sold.

'We stood in fields of famine, where gaunt men
begged for bread
For the children of their manhood and the women
they had wed;
There came a tribe of Talkers and gave them wind
instead.

'We stood in loud Conventions, where counsel no
man knew,

With tonsured heads in hundreds, and half the Palesman Crew;
There came a Tribe of Talkers and talked the Council through.

'We stood in Cities sunken to marts of Saxon trade,
A pride of Saxon traffic with Irish ruin paid,
And still the Tribe of Talkers for Hearts United prayed!

'They talked and talked for talk's sake, they ranted, and they whined;
They longed for Saxon leavings, they bellowed froth and wind;
They brogued the Saxon's Beurla, they aped the Saxon mind.

'And aye their news-sheets deluged the patient Irish Land
With torrents of that talking, with bragging of that band;
But set a Gag of Silence on true men who withstand!

'Those news-sheets, oh, those news-sheets; less mortal Mountjoy's sword,
And Cecil's cups of Poison less vicious venom poured.
The Bearers of the Beurla! The Hacks of Hurdle Ford!

'We stood in New Cathedrals, the squalid roofs among,
By faithful peasants builded with doles from famine wrung,
And every portly cleric discoursed the Saxon Tongue!'

'Ye dreamed bad dreams, my Masters,' with rage Luke Wadding cries,
'In Ireland's churches Saxon!'
But through their bursting sighs,
'We saw,' still said the Masters, 'and wished for sightless eyes.

'A streaming source of Beurla by every spire we spied,
With teaching hands to tend it, with tonsured heads to guide.
The Gaelic is their scandal, the Beurla is their pride!

'A Saxon-built Iona adorns Magh-Nuatha's plain.
Ten thousand youthful Levites have knelt within its fane;
All bribed to brogue the Beurla from East to Western main.

'How glorious was thy priesthood, O Holy Ireland Fair.
On hillside or in mass-hole, the Saxon's worst they dare;

Their word the Holy Gaelic, the Gaelic Faith their care.

'The Pious Priests of Ireland, since Tara's Throne they curst,
They made no other folly so foolish as that first,
But when they sold the Gaelic, they worsened on that worst.

'The wasting of the Language hath wasted Manhood too.
Who loves the tongue of strangers must native thought berue.
The ancient ways are vileness to Helots of the New.

'Gone are the Bard and Brehon; gone is the garb of old;
Nor web nor dye of Ireland bedecks the clansmen bold.
The Saxon's shedded garments the menial mobs enfold.

'We saw a hundred Convents, magnificent and mean,
With vestured nuns abounding within the saintly scene,
Who guide the Gaelic Daughters to hymn the Hunger Queen.

We saw a hundred High schools, in many a lordly park,

The strange Lismores and Bangors, that make the young mind dark,
The Youth of Erin kneading to Servingman and Clerk.

'We heard the voice of Pastors, who on base knees appeal
For Muzzled Gold and Teachers to crown the Crime of Steel,—
They waste on Painted Windows the Price of Learning's Weal!

'We marked a sweet-toned Singer, who trod Tir Connel's ground,
His song was God Save Ireland. A Mitred Priest was found,
A Mitre of Clan Connel, to hunt him like a hound!

'We saw a City's Fathers, who came in State to pray
Before a High Archbishop, within a temple grey.
With blotched and pimpled features, they trod the Narrow Way.

'With mace, and gown, and gewgaw, with bloated frame and face,
They shambled and they stumbled until they found their place,
Right fronting to the Altar, a Christian Land's disgrace!

'The strewers of the poisons, that men and nations rot,
The makers of the harlot, the makers of the sot,
They dared to front the Altar, and thought that God forgot!

'In streets of filth and fever, the City's Myriads steep;
And Dirt, and Drink, and Darkness, their hideous harvest reap.
In State the City's Fathers the temple's front seat keep!

'Beside the rails and crossways that skirt a bosky green
In Dublin of the Drink Dens, where Mountjoy served his Queen,
There stands a Statue's Promise—to Harp and Guillotine.

'Not, not the Due Memorial to Priest and Peasant brave,
Who rose for God and Ireland, who rose the Land to save,
Who called on Christ and Mary, while marching to their grave.

'No, no, that Statue's Promise invokes the suicide,
The bigot and blasphemer who by his own hand died;

Who swore to sack the Convent and wreck the Sanctified;

'Mocking a Pope in exile, mocking a Martyr's chain,
Polluting Ireland's Story with Europe's scum and bane,
Red Robespierre's banditti, the man-beasts of the Seine.

'He sold his foolplot-fellows to buy his life a day;
He fled the Land he flouted, in cloak of Castlereagh;
He begged a Saxon stipend; he took the Terror's pay.

'There stands no stone to Rury, who nigh won Dublin Keep;
And Hugh and Art and Owen, unmarked, uncolumned, sleep;
The Catiline of Erin doth Dublin's tributes reap.

'We marked a burst of cheering, that hailed a bloated slave,
The Seller of our exiles from Clyde to London's wave,
The Talkers cheered the Knaving; the throng acclaimed the knave.

'Again a roar of cheering! Again a Talker came,
Who vowed to Saxon striplings that Ireland's Sons, grown tame,

Hold Freedom direful danger, Dependence dearest fame.

'And still and still a Talker, with Ghetto shekels paid,
Where Moy looks South on Galway, his sordid mobsmen bade
Refuse the County Honour to Ireland's New Brigade.

'Still prosing and still posing! Like pedant from hedge school,
Came one, sour-faced with envy, incompetent to rule,
To show no fool in motley can match a Dismal Fool.

'A Shape of lath and plaster had late been leader there,
With puppetry and paintwork to set the folk a-stare.
There came a wind of judgment, and, lo, its place was bare.

'A Shgaelie for Clan London arose upon its stand,
With funny cries of Empires in hollow of his hand.
O Empire-Eater, pecking the crumbs of Saxon Land!

'Another scab was told us, the foulest scab of all,
The Tribe of Talkers crouching within Clan London's Hall,

Like spaniels round a master that wait a master's call!

'New Attacotts returning to crown Kinncat again;
Unchieftained men and kinless, the Firbolg's subject strain.
They have no part in Miledh, nor blood, nor bone, nor brain.

'Anon they seek to cozen from Outland Gaels a dole
For desperado mouthings. Anon their loyal soul
Is all a-whine for barracks. Than helots drunk more droll!'

THE LOATHING OF THE CHIEFTAINS

THE loathing of the Chieftains brake out at basest guilt,
With angry gauntlets smiting on breastplate and on hilt;
They cursed them with the caitiff that brought the pirate o'er,
And sowed the seed of Satan on Erin's stainless shore;

Like him who crept at dawning, where Kinsale's ramparts rear,
To rouse Mountjoy's red leaguer ere Ulster's onset near,
And him who poured the poison which Hugh O'Donnel slew,
The Poison Cup of England, of Cecil, and Carew;

And him who gave the warning, that foiled our great O'More,
And saved the Keep of Dublin from Rury at the door,
They cursed them with vile Luttrell, who sold the Shannon fords,
And gave a sleeping army to Ginkel's midnight swords.

THE ANGER OF O'RUARC

THE Princely Lord of Brefni, Clan Connel's battle friend,
The shame he cannot bear it, he calls to make an end.
'But tell of men, my Masters, and not of servile spawn,
Fawning and cadging and cringing, as lady's lap-dogs fawn.
We knew them of old in Connacht, them and their hireling work,
The Queen's O'Connor we called them or maybe MacWilliam Burke.'

'O'RUARC, O'Ruarc of Brefni, Clan Connel's battle friend,
As on the day of the Curlews the best is for the end.
The men, the men of Erin are holding aloof to-day,
But when they get the signal you'll see them in the fray.

'We've heard the Brother's Greeting, we've grasped the Brother's Hand.
O lend them but a Leader, in ranks of steel they'll stand.
There's people's priests in Erin, and monks who love the poor.
The Staff of Jesus came not for pomp of purple boor.

'The Lion of St Jarlath's, he ended not the line
Of Ireland's faithful pastors, who kept her Right Divine;
Coarb or simple Sagart, whose bones in Erin are,
Or dear Eugene O'Growney, who sleeps from Ireland far.

'But be the Pope-King's vintage as scarce as Spanish ale,
Thy Hope, it shall not perish, our Royal Inisfail.
In Gascon ruby grape lands and on the banks of Seine
As glad a juice is garnered as ever passed from Spain.

'And far beyond the vine lands of Loire and rushing Rhone,
Thine Exiles, Queen, have planted a wine grove of their own.
Within the vast New Island where Holy Brendan came,
Where ruthless Raleigh grafted the Red Hag's lying name.

'Where hamlets spring to peoples, and Free State links with State,
Where wide a Sleeping Ocean reflects a Golden Gate,
A ripe grape hangs for plucking, a wine press stands ajar;
How glorious is thy vintage, O God of Righteous War!

'There's Wild Geese, O, there's Wild Geese for Erin on that shore;
The clangours of their coming will soon be heard once more;

Their pinions white are waving, their strong necks
stretched for flight
A snowcloud o'er the seafoam, they'll brighten all
the night;

'They'll come in twos and twenties, they'll come
in thousands ten;
They'll come when least they're looked for, they'll
come like watching men.
Be patient, yet be patient, ye Heroes of our Isle;
You Ancient Blood of Erin, be patient yet awhile;

'What Malachy hath promised, what Columb
spake of old,
With clear, grey eye outlooking from famed Iona's
fold;
Soon, soon they'll see the dawning, the sunlight of
your swords,
The sireless Saxon Squatters, Clan London's
loutish lords.

'Behold, behold, the Vision that fills the West-
ward Sky;
A flame of Starry Banners on Eagle Wings that
fly;
While in a Blazing Sunburst a Golden Harp doth
shine,
That lights to Force and Freedom an Irish
Fighting Line.

'A thousand guns are crashing, a thousand trumpets peal,
Three Hundred Years of Insult are leaping into steel!
A thunder goes to Heaven, the cheer of charging men,
And Ireland shall be Ireland, our Sceptred Queen again!'

. . . . . .

In ring around the Masters, the Princes and the Kings,
They listen, O, they listen, as love when lover sings!
Within the Mount of Aileach, within the Magic Vale,
Are soldier eyes a-flashing and soldier cheeks a-pale,
With joy of mighty hoping, with rage of vengeance due.
How long, ye men of Erin, must High Kings wait for you?

Historical Notes and Explanations

1. '*Within the Mount of Aileach there spreads a Vale of Spears,*
Where hawk-eyed Kings keep vigil, till Columb's Dawn appears.'

The Mount of Aileach, rising a few miles south of Derry, almost at the neck of the Inishowen Peninsula, is the scene of one of the most treasured legends of Ireland. There, deep within the bosom of the hill, which bears to this day the ruins of the Grianan (*Grian*, the Gaelic of sun), the stately summer palace of the Northern kings of Ireland, the heroes, Hugh O'Neil of Tir Eoghain and Hugh O'Donnel of Tir Connail, watch amid their slumbering host for the dawning of the day when they are to lead forth their warriors for the final freedom of the land. Other famous kings and princes surround them, and ever and anon a whisper stirs the enchanted air: 'Is it yet? Is it yet?'

2. '*Bloodbrother of the Ford Fight that saw the Marshal die.*'

The Battle of the Yellow Ford, fought in the year 1598, between an English army of invasion, under

Marshal Bagenal, and the Northern clans, commanded by Hugh O'Neil and Hugh O'Donnel, was one of the most crushing defeats of the many inflicted upon the English in Ireland. The English general was killed in the rout of his army, and immense stores of spoil and long troops of prisoners were driven home to the castles of the allied princes of Ulster.

Sir Walter Scott, in *Rokeby*, has referred to this battle,—

'Where that fierce marshal fought and died.'

The Yellow Ford is on the Blackwater, on the confines of the modern counties of Armagh and Tyrone.

3. '*The Ages Three are ending, the Ages black with fate.*
And One was woful war work; and One, like lean wolf, came
To rend the wreck of battle; and One is Sleep of Shame.'

The seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries may justly be described as 'the Ages black with fate.' In the previous centuries of Ireland's connection with England, hostile as that connection was, the evils of Anglo-Norman ascendency were at least tempered by the common possession of the same civilisation and religion. The pride of the Celtic princes and chiefs found a responsive sentiment in the long-descended nobles who led the Englishry, but whom even London law could not withdraw from closer and closer assimilation of the Gaelic nationality. The new creed and the new families of the Anglican Revolution in Church and State were to the secular and ecclesiastical life of Ireland what the coming of the Goths and Vandals was

to the civilisation of the Roman Empire. Nay, rather was it what the coming of the Saracens and Turks had been to a hundred lands of beauty and culture around the Mediterranean Sea. Alaric was turned back from his first march on Rome by the entreaties of Pope Leo, and even in the perpetration of the sack of the Imperial City spared the refugees and the treasures in the churches. The Arian heretic still owned a veneration for the Catholic Pontiff. But the Anglican revolutionists raged against the altars of the Church and the lives of the people in Ireland worse than the pirates of Barbary or the Janissaries of the Seljuk and the Ottoman. The new men, the blood-manured mushrooms of Tudor royalty, who were let loose upon the rich and lovely land, had no more feeling for the long descent of immemorial clans than for the unbroken tradition of immemorial Christianity. For Geraldine and De Burgo, for Yorkist peers and cousins of the Plantagenet, the Irish clans and princes, boasting the longest lineage and the most ancient properties in Europe, had now to do with Boyles, Carews, Cootes, Binghams, Blounts, Parrotts, assassins, poisoners, exterminators of women and children, suborners of perjury, vulgar robbers without name, remorse or pity. These men had raised themselves on the ruin of England's noblest and most faithful. They were now let loose, without one restraining sentiment in the common creed of Christendom, to glut their lust of land and blood upon the ancient Irish nation.

'*And One was woful war work.*'

The seventeenth century in Ireland may be held to commence with the Wars of Extermination, which filled

the close of the sixteenth and lapped over into its successor, to continue with the Confederation War against the English republican rebels of the Commonwealth, and to end with the War of the Boyne and Aughrim against the English monarchical rebels of the Williamite usurpation. It was, at least in the main, an age of war, though cruel and unsparing war, against the Irish nation. But the Irish were often able to strike back, and sometimes—as at Benburb in 1646, when Owen Roe O'Neil routed a great invading army, and killed, wounded and captured 4000 regular troops—the Irish were able to pay back.

'*And One, like lean wolf, came to rend the wreck of battle.*'

This is no unfair description of the eighteenth century in Ireland, when, though the entire land was disarmed and unresisting, the English tyranny flung itself upon the remnant of so many tortured and slaughtered generations, and by the hideous code of the Penal Laws continued to rend from the Martyr Race the last shreds and relics of property, of liberty, of conscience, of things human and divine.

But still the race refused to perish out of the land, refused to quit the ancient language and the ancient faith; while their exiles, on a hundred fields of European and American war—from Almanza and Fontenoy to Bunker's Hill and Yorktown—raised the charging cheer of Erin in the camps of the brigade and the legions of Washington.

'*And One is Sleep of Shame.*'

The nineteenth century in Ireland, though called to

inherit the fruits of the endurance of such an indomitable ancestry, is hardly known for more than the O'Connellite whine for admission to the London Parliament and the general desertion of the national tongue. Take away the brief, bright protest of a few half-armed peasants and workmen, and the nineteenth century is, indeed, the 'Sleep of Shame.' It is the triumph of parliamentarian agitation, summed up in the Cambridge maxim of Mr John Redmond, M.P.: 'The independence of Ireland is neither possible nor desirable.' To indicate the lapse of Ireland through this century of desertion and degeneration is the theme of *The Message of the Masters.*

4. '*From foul Kinsale to Luimneach where England's Peace was sworn,*
The peace that Saxons promise, no sooner signed than torn.'

The Battle of Kinsale, A.D. 1602, is called foul because the disastrous defeat of the Irish army, which led to the abandonment of all the previous conquests of the Northern princes, was mainly occasioned by the treason of a captain in the Irish forces who warned the English general of the plan and disposition of the Irish, and thus enabled him to surprise them with destructive effect.

'Luimneach, where England's Peace was sworn,' is Limerick, the city of the violated Treaty. In 1691, in order to obtain the surrender of the still unconquered army of Sarsfield before the arrival of formidable reinforcements from France, the English general-in-chief concluded a treaty at Limerick with the Irish general, granting religious, political and personal freedom to the

Irish Catholics. The Irish accepted the Treaty, and though the French expedition sailed into the Shannon while the Irish forces were still unbroken, they refused to take back their hands from the compact. When there was no longer an Irish army in Ireland, the English Government enforced and aggravated the infamous Penal Code. That was 'the peace that Saxons promise.'

5. '*Had I them on the Curlews.*'

The Battle of the Curlew Mountains, on the confines of Roscommon and Sligo, was won in the year 1599 by Red Hugh O'Donnel, Prince of Tir Connel, aided by O'Ruarc, Prince of Brefni, over an English army, the English general, Sir Conyers Clifford, being slain in the rout of his troops.

6. '*False Cecil's poison slew him beyond the hills of Spain.*'

The fame which was spun round the Borgias was due to the Elizabethan statesmen of England. The poison of the assassin was as familiar to their policy as to a Marquise de Brinvilliers or a Locusta. The dull pall of silence is cast over their deeds. At least, in the sanctuaries of England's State system and State religion, no monument arises to the thoughtful skill which so often saved England a pitched battle, and maybe two, by a dexterous infiltration of the Imperial arsenic in the stirrup cup, or the sleeping posset of an Irish chieftain. What official panegyrists and decorators have overlooked, or ignored, has not, fortunately for the real merit of English fathers of the Irish people, been allowed to escape the vigilance of historical investigators. The

black and bloody records of the Birmingham tower of Dublin Castle, which was so long the reliquary of English official villainy, have, in our time, given up many of their hideous secrets. The confidences of the good Lords Cecil of Burghley and Salisbury and the good Lord Blount of Mountjoy, and the directions of the Premiers and the Lords Deputy to other illustrious scoundrels, like a Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, and his 'right loving and trusty' fellows, can now be read, at least in part, and appreciated. Of the bottomless depths, which may never be fully revealed, we may judge by the patent infamies that now are in evidence.

Read that dispatch of William Cecil, Lord of Burghley, to Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, giving instructions as to the taking off a young Earl of Desmond, by suborning perjured witnesses of the Earl's 'treasons' (to be manufactured against him in case of his proving refractory), or *by taking him off any way*, in case knife or poison should seem safer than perjury and a mock trial. 'Take this from me,' wrote the arch-assassin and Lord High Treasurer to the representative of British reforming civilisation in the south of Ireland, 'that *whatever you do to abridge him*, which you shall say to be done out of providence, *shall never be imputed to you as a fault:* blame shall not betide you for any caution (*how curious soever*), in the managing of this young puer male cinctus.'—(*Carew Papers*, 1559-1600, pp. 463-4.)

But, above all, read the correspondence of those triple scoundrels—Lord Salisbury (Lord Burghley's son and successor), Mountjoy and Carew—on the poisoning of Red Hugh O'Donnel at Valladolid, in 1602, by the hand of Her Bastard Majesty's right loving and trusty spy and murderer-in-waiting, 'James Blake of Galway.'

The Prince of Tir Connel had gone to Spain to seek aid from the Spanish King after the Battle of Kinsale, and English statesmanship was sorely apprehensive of the coming back of the hero of the Yellow Ford and the Curlews to strengthen Hugh O'Neil of Tir Owen with men-at-arms and, above all, with store of weapons for the Northern clans against the farm-burners and women-slayers of the sixteenth century.

But English statesmanship was equal to the occasion. O'Donnel died at Valladolid of a mysterious illness, which was no mystery to Salisbury, Mountjoy and Carew. To quote the leading features of the story from Joyce's scholarly *Short History of Ireland*, p. 527: 'In the month of May, 1602, a miscreant named Blake, James Blake of Galway, came to President Carew and offered to follow O'Donnell into Spain and kill him. . . . Carew applauded the design and eagerly closed with the offer. He himself tells the whole story in a letter written, partly in cipher, to Lord Mountjoy, the Viceroy, who was also in the secret. "*God give him strength and perseverance*," says Carew; "I told him I would acquaint your lordship with it." . . . In October of the same year, when news of O'Donnel's death had reached Ireland, Carew again writes to Mountjoy, gloating over the event in this fashion: "O'Donnell is dead, and I do think it will fall out that *he has been poisoned by James Blake, of whom your lordship has been formerly acquainted.*" At his coming into Spain he was suspected of O'Donnell, because he had embarked at Cork, but afterwards he insinuated his access —*and O'Donnell is dead.*'

This assassination was committed by the Government of Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury, son of that

William Cecil, Lord Burghley, whose instructions to the same President Carew as to 'abridging' the life of an Earl of Desmond are given above. The son was worthy of the sire. But the whole villainy would be incomplete without that pious touch of the Reform Christian Carew, praying 'God give strength and perseverance' to the cowardly murderer, whom the Government of the Good Queen Bess was sending with passports, poison and money to assassinate the Prince of Tir Connel at the Court of Spain.

England had recently escaped the Armada's attempt to put back the Blessed Gospel work of Bess and her saints, and this sending of a Government poisoner comes quite as a happy illustration of the new light of religion and morality which had arisen on the British shores.

Of course, we do not know a hundredth part of the secret transactions of the Cecils and their creatures, and we may never know; but already a score of assassinations and attempts at assassination by Queen Bess's Government stand recorded and avowed in the *State Papers* already published.

Viceroy Earl of Sussex sent assassins against Shán the Proud of Tir Owen, against Lord John Fitzthomas Fitzgerald, against Hugh O'Neil of Tir Owen and others. Viceroy Sir John Perrott sent a poisoner to assassinate Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne, Chief of Glenmalure; and in his dispatch to the Council of State quotes the example of Viceroy Earl of Sussex, who had tried to murder Shán O'Neil of Tir Owen with poisoned wine, which he sent him 'as a friendly present.'

And it must be thoroughly understood that the 'Throned Vestal' of Reform Christian England, Good Queen Bess herself, was up to the eyes in the whole plan of cowardly and perfidious assassination. When Viceroy

Earl of Sussex hired one of O'Neil's servants, named Nial Gray, to murder his chief, *the loyal Lord Deputy hastened to communicate the intelligence to Queen Bess.* Writing on the 24th August 1561, Sussex informs his Great Elizabeth how he 'brake with him, Nial Gray, to kill Shán, and bound myself by my oath to see him have a hundred marks of land. *I told him the ways he might do it and how to escape after with safety.*' The Reform Christian Lord Deputy Sussex, pledging his Reform Christian oath to encourage Murderer Gray, forms a perfect pendant to Reform Christian Lord President Carew putting up his Reform Christian prayer 'that God give strength and perseverance' to guide Murderer Blake to poison Red Hugh O'Donnel.

7. '*The Masters Four who garnered the Annals of our pride.*'

Towards the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century, the great collection of Irish Annals was written by a company of Irish scholars of noble birth, of whom the chief was Míchal O'Clery, one of the Lords of Kilbarron and hereditary archivists and genealogists to the princes of Tir Connel, aided by his brother Cónary, his cousin Cucógry, and a learned colleague, Furfesa O'Mulcónry, belonging to a family of official historians in Roscommon. Míchal alone was a monk of the Order of St Francis, but all four lived during the compilation of their great work in the Franciscan Convent of Donegal (subsequently destroyed by the English), boarded and lodged by the pious community, and having the expenses relating to their learned investigations defrayed by the princely generosity of the noble Fergal O'Gara, Prince of Coolavin.

It was Míchal O'Clery who, anticipating the ravages of English barbarism against the Irish seats of scholarship, conceived the plan of collecting from all the colleges and convents of Ireland the immense mass of records still existing. These precious materials were conveyed to Donegal Convent, and were there composed, with astonishing research and erudition, into the complete Annals of Ireland down to contemporary history. The whole work was written in the years 1632-6. The best translation is by O'Donovan, in seven volumes, with elaborate annotations.

Very soon afterwards the Cromwellian and Williamite devastations swept with a renewed storm of ruin over the remaining sanctuaries of Irish culture, but the great Annals of the Four Masters, as they have ever been proudly and lovingly called, were saved from English civilisation in monasteries of Belgium and Italy. They form the most magnificent chronicle of national history possessed by any country of Europe, thanks to

'*Cucógry, Cónary, Míchal; O'Clery's learned line,*
And Fúrfesa O'Mulcónry; the Ollamhs Four Divine.'

8. Ollamh, pronounced Olav, is Gaelic for a rank of scholars in the native universities of Ireland, also extirpated by English civilisation, who may be described as doctors of laws and letters, who had completed the twelve years' curriculum of Irish education, comprising general and clan history; the languages of Ireland, Rome, and Greece; the Brehon laws and most of the Canon Law; prose and poetic literature, including versification and music; the study of the Scriptures and medicine. By analogy, a physician or lawyer, who had

completed the studies of his profession, was called an Olav physician, an Olav lawyer, etc.

Under the ancient laws of Ireland conferring nobility and territorial possessions on the professors of learning, there were numerous families, with whom law, letters, and history formed a hereditary profession. Such were—like the O'Clerys of Tir Connel and the O'Mulcónrys, Ollamhs to the O'Connors—the famous O'Dalys, often Chief Ollamhs of Ireland, the MacBrodins, Ollamhs to the O'Brien Princes of Thomond, and holding the castle and fief of Dunogan down to the Cromwellian piracies; the O'Husseys, Ollamhs to the MacGuire; MacEgan, Brehon of Ormond, and a multitude of others, all richly endowed with fiefs, which they held, *by tenure of brain and pen*, as proudly as any knightly vassal by war-service and homage. It may be mentioned that the last MacBrodin of Castle Dunogan was butchered by a Cromwellian soldier, who, as he murdered the venerable scholar and poet, shouted: 'Now, go sing your songs.' There could be no more typical illustration of English zeal for Irish culture.

9. '*Docwra's Fort.*'

Sir Henry Docwra, with a powerful armament of 4000 English troops, landed at the mouth of the Foyle in 1600, built a fort, and afterwards founded the city of Derry in the wooded district so-called from the Gaelic word signifying an oak grove. This was the beginning of the end of the independence of Tir Owen and Tir Connel; for, attacked from the sea as well as from the land, the Northern princes were soon crushed by the formidable power at the disposal of England. Sir Henry Docwra and Sir Arthur Chichester were commissioned by the

Viceroy Lord Mountjoy, poisoner and exterminator, to 'clear the county of Tyrone of all inhabitants and to spoil all the corn,' and so well did they perform their infernal work that we find Mountjoy boasting in 1602: 'We have seen no one man in all Tyrone of late, but dead carcasses merely, hunger starved.' Man, woman and child were starved to death alike by the English civilisers, and, in the words of another English eye-witness, 'no spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of towns than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all coloured green by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend up above ground.'

In full atonement for these devilries practised on the people of Tir Owen, the family of Sir Arthur Chichester was graciously 'ennobled' by the title of Lords O'Niel. Even Turks do not steal the clan names of the races whom they rob and massacre.

10. '*The Land of Saint and Hero, where Learning wore a crown.*'

The English Reform Christians who made war in Ireland, as the Turks in Armenia or Nana Sahib at Cawnpore, have so thoroughly annihilated all but the ruined vestiges of the Irish seats of learning which for centuries made Ireland the University of Europe, that it is almost impossible to make a modern Englishman realise in any degree what the Irish land had been, 'ere England's fires and hatchets, ere Tudor's rooting swine.'

On the Continent of Europe there is but one voice among all historians, Agnostic, Catholic, or Protestant,

upon Europe's intellectual debt to the Irishman's devastated country. 'The Renascence,' says Darmesteter, 'began in Ireland 700 years before it was known in Italy. During 300 years Ireland was the asylum of the higher learning. *Armagh, the religious capital of Christian Ireland, was the metropolis of civilisation.*' 'Ireland,' says Montalembert, 'was regarded by all Christian Europe as the principal centre of learning and piety. . . . The mania of the Irish for Greek was even carried so far that they wrote the Latin of the Church books in Hellenic characters.' 'While the rest of the Roman world,' says Hauréau, 'was imbruted by the fury of the barbaric conquest, the schools of Ireland remained intact and flourishing, and famous masters professed before a numerous youth not only the eloquence and poesy of Latium but the grammar and philosophy of Greece.' It is grimly pertinent to have to add, in the light of what the English Huns and Vandals were subsequently to perpetrate upon the Irish seats of religion and letters, that, to quote again from the illustrious author of the *Monks of the West*, 'the Anglo-Saxons were the one of all nations which derived most profit from the teaching of the Irish schools.' The Reform Christians of England were to lay the Irish schools in the dust and to quench the smouldering ashes with the blood of the scholar and the priest.

11. By the ancient laws of Ireland every province had its university, and every *tuath* or district its grammar school; but, besides these civil foundations, there were scores of monastic colleges and schools, open alike to cleric and layman, which dispensed a bounteous hospitality of sacred and profane sciences throughout the

land. Let me cite the story and the fate of but one, that learned and holy Clonmacnois, whose ruined towers and churches can be visited by the tourist from Athlone upon the stately Shannon, which, alas! alas! was visited by tourists from Athlone in the year 1552, by the English Huns commanded by Brabazon, governor of Athlone citadel for that Most Christian Majesty of English Reformation, Edward VI., the name-predecessor of His Most Gracious Majesty Edward VII. In the year 1552 the English Huns sacked and destroyed the churches and the schools of Clonmacnois (Cluain-Maccu-Nois), the mead of the sons of learning in the Gaelic tongue.

A thousand years before, almost to a year, Diarmuid, the High King of Ireland, had granted the meadow by Shannon side to the wise and holy Kieran, 'the son of the carpenter,' as the common folk loved to call their illustrious class-fellow. Kieran, with his dying eyes, had seen the foundation of the great monastery and school, which was to be like an inland Iona, the mother of civilisation not only to Gaelic clans but Frank and German kings and peoples. Up to the gates of Clonmacnois, along the stately Shannon, had sailed the long vessel of the Frankish Cæsar, which at the opening of the ninth century bore the grateful gifts of Charlemagne and his great teacher, Alcuin—the gratitude of Alcuin for long years of loving studies in the Irish sanctuary, the gratitude of imperial Charlemagne to the seat of learning which had given him the trained skill of Alcuin to lead to culture and religion a neo-Roman world. In the course of the ages various marauders had menaced it, and the Danes had assailed it with plundering hand. But their injuries were transient and reparable. It remained for Reform

Christian England to rob and wreck utterly the sacred fanes which should have been more venerated than the Athenian Acropolis among the nations of the West.

Clonmacnois was, to use a modernism, the Federal University of Ireland. All the royal races of the land had their foundations, their memorial chapels there. There was a church of the O'Connor Kings of Connacht. The Southern Hy Neill had raised a cathedral. The Princes of Moylurg, and the O'Kellys of Hy Mainy had built vaults with altars above their family tombs. A round tower commemorated the attachment of the princes of South Munster. Another displayed the affection or the rivalry of the O'Ruarcs of Brefni. The gravestones of a thousand noble scholars or pilgrims stood within the God's-acre of the abbey. That was to be the scene of a crowning triumph of English Reform Civilisation in Ireland.

To summarise from MacGee's History the account of that deed of savagery and sacrilege, 'The most lamentable scene of spoliation, that which excited the profoundest emotion of public pity and anger, was the violation of the churches of St Kieran, the renowed Clonmacnois. This city of schools had cast its cross-crowned shade upon the current of the Upper Shannon for a thousand years. Danish fury and Norman war had passed over it. The great Church to which every clan of Erin sent its pilgrims on the 9th of September, St Kieran's Day—the chapels of the chiefs, the halls, the hospitals, the book houses, the granaries—stood waiting for Christian hands to deal the felon blow. From the neighbouring town of Athlone Lord Treasurer Brabazon led forth his Saxon soldiery to attack the place of the sons of learning. These Englishmen exhibited a fury

surpassing Turgesius and his heathen Danes. They tore. They broke. They overthrew the altars. They polluted the vessels of the altar. In the words of the annals of the Four Masters, "*there was not left a bell small or large, an image, an altar, a gem, or even the stained glass in a window.*" Nothing was left standing but ruined walls, the shaft of the round tower, the grave-stones in the cemeteries, with their inscriptions in Irish, in Latin and in Hebrew. The Shannon re-echoed with the songs and laughter of the English pirates, as, laden with chalices and crucifixes, brandishing croziers, and flaunting vestments in the air, they returned in their barges to their fort at Athlone.'

For a thousand years the city of schools of sacred Clonmacnois had celebrated the glory of Christian Erin. For nearly six centuries it had commemorated the gifts of Alcuin and Charlemagne. Since three centuries and a half its English-made desolation stands bare and broken by the mourning Shannon, unrepaired, uncompensated, unrepented. For of such is the presence of England in Ireland.

12. '*In one red pool together the babe and mother swim,*
And white, white flesh of maidens, and men hacked limb from limb.

. . . . . .

The merry Mirth of England! The English cavaliers
They jest at Irish infants they toss upon their spears.

. . . . . .

And richest reek of slaughter can never sate nor cloy
England's and Hell's Red Angel, Lord Deputy Mountjoy!'

The judicious Mr Lecky in his History records that

'*the saying "Nits will make lice" was constantly employed to justify the murder of Irish children.*' He adds, with much moderation, that the 'the suppression of the native race was carried on with a ferocity which was hardly exceeded by any page in the blood-stained annals of the Turks.' Mr Lecky's moderation is unjust—to the Turks. It would be unjust to Nana Sahib or the King of Dahomey. The noble English general, Sir Charles Coote, when his attention was directed to one merry English soldier, 'who was carrying about a poor babe on the end of his pike,' replied 'that he liked such frolics.' What Bashaw of the Ottoman at the sack of Chios could outdo that flower of British knighthood? Lord Mountjoy, Her Sacred Majesty's Lord Deputy, 'allowed no Irish rebel to quarter who had not drawn the blood of a fellow-rebel.' This horror is not recorded even of Nana Sahib. The Reform Christian English, in the first pure flush of their inspired zeal against the Romish corruption and the man of antichrist, did not create a single Well of Cawnpore in Ireland. They created thousands of them.

To quote again from the judicious Mr Lecky, 'It was a very unfortunate circumstance that the period when the English nation definitively adopted the principles of the Reformation should have nearly coincided with the events I have narrated.'

13. '*The Muster of the Chiefs.*'

I am aware that hundreds of distinguished names of Irish clan history could not find room in this enumeration. But, at least, I have mentioned all the most conspicuous heroes and leading clans, so that there are few families of Gaelic Ireland who may not feel that, in the

persons of the races of which they are sub-races, they all share in that muster of the princes of Erin.

Very many of the names I cite will be recognised at once even by the parliamentarian patriot, usually so unfamiliar with the Gaelic annals. Very many others, I have been warned, are generally unknown to the Land League and its heirs and assigns.

14. '*Shán the King comes riding.*'

This is the famous Shán O'Neil, King of Ulster, who for twenty years defeated the English armies, but, after escaping often the murderers sent by the English viceroys, was at length assassinated at the instigation of a Captain Piers, an Englishman, who received a thousand marks from the Viceroy for his head.

15. '*The lion in the way.*'

For generations the O'Carrol of Ely, by the central position of the clan, was the most formidable danger to English raiders issuing from Dublin either against Munster or Connacht.

16. '*Battleaxe MacSwiney.*'

The chiefs of Fanad led the bodyguard of the O'Donnels of Tir Connel, being galloglasses (Gaelic, *galloglach*), the heavy infantry of Irish armies, furnished with helmet, mailcoat and shield, longsword at their hip and long-handled battleaxe in their right hand. This battleaxe, wielded with extraordinary force and dexterity, easily lopped off heads and thighs with a single stroke and broke the best troops of England on a hundred battlefields.

17. '*O'More, our glorious Rury.*'

Rury O'More of Leix was the statesman, as Owen Roe O'Neil was the general, of the great rising of 1641, which during ten years almost cleared Ireland of the confiscators and exterminators. His surprise of Dublin Castle was only prevented by the blabbing of a drunkard to Owen Connolly, who forthwith warned the garrison.

18. '*MacDaid, the Oakgrove's Ranger.*'

The MacDaids were prominent in Cahir O'Doherty's capture and burning of Docwra's new settlement at Derry in 1608. To this day the MacDaids are popularly nicknamed Burnderrys in memory of this exploit. The rising of Cahir O'Doherty, 'O'Doherty's Sir Cahir,' was occasioned by a brutal insult at the hand of Paulett, the English governor of Derry, and was quickly ended, after a short success, by the defeat and death of the young chieftain, aged only twenty-one. The insult was probably inflicted in order to provoke the gallant boy to resistance, sure to end in confiscations, the main object of English rule in Ireland.

19. Oriel, Orior, Ormond, Idrone, Tir Cahan, Desies, Imayle, Clanbrassil, Truagh, Iveagh, are historic names of Irish clan lands, almost obliterated by the English county appellations. I obtained the consent of both English parties, during the Reform Bill debates of 1885, to revive a large number of these ancient titles in connection with the new parliamentary divisions. I was defeated by the opposition of the Parnellite Party, which, almost destitute of Irish historical knowledge, had let

slip the opportunity of the reform, and preferred to leave the old clan lands in oblivion rather than accept the correction from an Irish Nationalist who despised the Land League tumult.

20. '*O'Hurley, Cashel's Martyr, whom Saxon tortures slew.*'

The murder of the venerable Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, and his awful torturing by the heads of the Elizabethan Church and State in Ireland, form one of the most fearful pages in the history of the English. Though the hundreds of thousands of massacres of ordinary Irish persons—men, women, and even children unborn—constitute a sum of human devilry that appals memory and beggars imagination, still the circumstances of the butchery of this most venerable prelate can only be related, however briefly, with a peculiar horror. The victim was one of the four archbishops of Ireland belonging to the ancient Church. The murderers were the lay representative of English Majesty in Ireland and the English Archbishop of Dublin of the New Religion, the Most Reverend Doctor Loftus.

Betrayed by some spies, Archbishop O'Hurley was brought before the English Council of State at Dublin, presided over by Sir Henry Wallop, and Protestant Archbishop Loftus, Lords Justices. In order to extort information from their venerable prisoner, Wallop and Loftus, acting under the direct instructions of Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's favourite Minister, had him put to the torture. And what a torture! They encased his legs in iron boots, stood him upon a fire, and roasted him till the flesh fell from the leg bones!

The Most Reverend Doctor Loftus, English Protestant Lord Archbishop of Dublin, writes of this work of Hell and England in a letter to his employer, Sir Francis Walsingham, in London, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State as aforesaid: 'Not finding that easy method of examination to do any good, we made commission to put him to the torture, *such as your honour advised us*, which was to toast his feet against the fire in hot boots.'

Archbishop O'Hurley's martyrdom took place in 1584. Is it too late to have it celebrated among the deeds that won the Empire?

21. '*Dunboy's Chieftain.*'

Dunboy Castle was one of the fortresses of Donal O'Sulivan Bere, Prince of Bere and Bantry, and was held by 143 men under the heroic Captain Mac-Geoghan against 4000 English supported by artillery, for five months, from February to June 1602. On the 18th of June it was at length carried by assault, and the remnant of the garrison, fifty-eight in number, who surrendered, were all executed in cold blood by Sir George Carew, the assassin and exterminator who was English Lord President of Munster.

22. '*When Sarsfield broke the guns.*'

This was one of the most dashing exploits of the daring cavalry general and Irish hero, Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. With a small body of his cavalry he captured and destroyed the whole of William of Orange's siege train at Ballyneety, on its way to be used against Limerick, the last position of the Irish army.

23. *'O gallantly they bear them, Çount Lally aud Lord Clare.*
The Land would be well guarded, if their brigade were there.'

Two celebrated leaders of the far-famed Irish Brigade in the service of France, which covered its standards with glory from 1689 to 1789, when it was thanklessly suppressed by the French revolutionists. Perhaps its most conspicuous exploits were its decisive share in the defeats of the Anglo-Austrian armies at Almanza in the War of the Spanish Succession and the Anglo-Dutch armies at Fontenoy in 1745, when the triumphant column of the Duke of Cumberland was shattered in the moment of victory by the charge of the Irish exiles. The last general of the brigade, Arthur, Count Dillon, was guillotined by Robespierre on suspicion of a design to save the baby Dauphin from the torture-prison of the Republic. At the same time an Anglo-Irish adventurer named Wolfe Tone was entering into negotiations with Robespierre for the Jacobin invasion and confiscation of Ireland.

24. *'O'Connel, broken Tribune.'*

My references to O'Connel are far too favourable to a personage who was the hypnotiser-in-chief in Ireland's Sleep of Shame. Enemy of action, enemy of the Gaelic language, tailman of English politics, original organiser of the braggart, mendacious and mendicant parliamentarianism, disfranchiser of the Irish Catholic democracy emancipated by the Irish Protestant Parliament, he has got the false title of Irish Liberator from the most corrupt and servile class of the Irish population, to whom his desertion of Irish nationality opened the access to

English salaries and place. He is commemorated by colossal statues and memorials in Dublin, that leading Anglo-Irish emporium so destitute of every monument to the glories of Gaelic Ireland.

25. '*They sighed not at Cremona, who had but musket and shirt.*'

The rescue of Cremona, surprised by the army of Prince Eugene, was one of the most famous feats of arms performed by the Irish Brigade. The French were already practically driven from the town and their commander-in-chief a prisoner when the indomitable resistance of the Irish regiments, commanded by Count O'Mahony, turned the tide of victory, and restored the place to Louis XIV. The Irish troops, called out of their sleep by the night attack of the Imperial forces, fought in 'muskets and shirts.'

26. '*Fair Head over Alba.*'

Alba is Scotland in Gaelic.

27. '*The Palesman Crew.*'

The English pale used to be the district around Dublin, to which for centuries the jurisdiction of the English sovereign was practically confined.

28. '*The Saxon's Beurla.*'

Beurla is Gaelic for the English language.

29. '*The Hacks of Hurdle Ford.*'

The Gaelic name for Dublin is Ath-Cliath, the Ford

of Hurdles, from an ancient road laid across the Liffey marshes on hurdles, which formed the primeval passage of the river.

30. '*With rage Luke Wadding cries.*'

The horror of Father Luke Wadding at the Anglicisation of the present Irish Catholic Church is in keeping with every act of the life of this illustrious patriot, one of the greatest of the later Irish scholars, and chief counsellor and diplomatist to Rury O'More of Leix and Owen Roe O'Neil of Tir Owen in the Ten Years' War of the Irish Confederation, 1641-1651. Born at Waterford in 1588, he entered the Order of St Francis, was educated at Lisbon, Liria and Coimbra, and devoted himself to founding colleges and seminaries on the Continent, in place of the Irish seats of learning and religion destroyed by the New Huns, and in raising levies and collecting funds for the support of the Irish armies in the field. He died at Rome, in the year 1657, in that College of St Isidore which he had built for the education of his persecuted countrymen.

'MacFirbis and blind O'Carolan,' previously mentioned along with Father Luke Wadding, were, the former, a most learned Irish historian and jurist in the seventeenth century, and the latter, called the Last of the Harpers, an exquisite musician who lived in the eighteenth century.

31. '*Since Tara's Throne they curst.*'

The cursing of Tara in the sixth century by the ecclesiastic, Rodan of Lorrha, in revenge for the act of the High King Diarmuid in taking out of sanctuary the murderer of a royal official, is the most tremendous

instance of the power of the clergy in ancient Ireland, as well as one of the most disastrous instances of the exercise of that power. To punish the arrest of a murderer within his church, St Rodan, as he is called, laid the most solemn curse upon the Federal capital of Ireland, forbidding it ever to be occupied to the end of time. The curse, supported by the adhesion of the clergy and the submission of the laity, forced the Irish High Kings henceforth to reign in their provincial capitals, and removed the hallowed centre of national unity from a race too predisposed to local and tribal divisions. If the curse of a priest could have annihilated the Acropolis of Athens or the Capitol of Rome, no Parthenon might ever have commanded the allegiance of civilisation, nor might the Pax Romana have given order to the world.

32. '*The strange Lismores and Bangors.*'

Lismore and Bangor, like Clonmacnois, were glorious examples of the abbey schools or universities which covered Gaelic Ireland.

33. '*With blotched and pimpled features they trod the Narrow Way.*'

One of the most repulsive spectacles I ever witnessed was the sight, one Christmas Day, of an Irish Municipality 'attending in state' at High Mass. With few exceptions, the aldermen and councillors were notoriously the keepers of the most pestilential whisky dens in the town, and the witness of their bloated bodies and blotchy countenances was in full corroboration of their infamous calling.

If the curse which the priesthood laid on the Royal Towers of Tara had been reserved for the gin palaces of modern Ireland there would be fewer fat legacies for dishonoured 'works of piety,' and fewer murders, debaucheries and lunacies in a poisoned and degraded population.

34. '*There stands a Statue's Promise—to Harp and Guillotine.*'

Theobald Wolfe Tone, the Irish Catiline, whose plots for a Jacobin invasion and confiscation of Ireland produced the suppression of the Grattan Parliament, was an adventurer of English extraction, son of an Anglo-Irish Protestant, coachbuilder in Dublin.

Incorrigibly idle and extravagant, he shrank from supporting himself by any trade or profession, but turned his entire thought to obtaining fortune by politics and conspiracy. Till the mature age of twenty-eight or thirty he hoped to obtain a place under the British Government, placing on record his vow of vengeance at being rejected by successive English Ministers.

He turned next to the plan of revolutionising Ireland, then rapidly advancing in prosperity and freedom under the Grattan Parliament, and for this purpose became an advocate of Catholic claims and a paid secretary of the Catholic Committee. He accepted the overtures of Robespierre's agent, the renegade parson Jackson, and furnished the Government of the Terror with a detailed plan for getting the Catholics of Ireland to support the butchers of the Catholics of France, and for confiscating the entire property of the Pro-

testants of Ireland in particular, as well as of all others who should oppose the Jacobin invasion.

Detected by the English authorities, he purchased permission to leave Ireland by betraying to Pitt and Castlereagh the whole of his negotiations with the Committee of Public Safety. He became, after his escape from Ireland, a paid agent of the French Revolutionary Government, proclaimed the policy of murdering all Irishmen guilty of opposing the Revolution, but was finally captured by the English in the course of an abortive attempt of the revolutionists to effect an invasion of Ulster. To escape execution he committed suicide by cutting his own throat.

The publication of his designs of confiscation and massacre produced universal horror among Irish Catholics and Protestants, but his position, which he had so shamefully abused, of Secretary of the Catholic Committee, was exploited to direct the suspicions of the Irish Protestants against their Catholic countrymen and produced the terrible scenes of the year 1798.

Besides his projects for refusing quarter to prisoners, Wolfe Tone helped to organise regiments of French felons with instructions to terrorise England by a warfare of atrocity and outrage. This awful criminal has been represented to deluded mutitudes of the Irish population as a stainless martyr of liberty.

As a finishing touch, it deserves to be noted that, while airing Catholic wrongs as fuel for insurrection, Tone applauded the persecution and desired the destruction of the Catholic religion.

35. '*A Shape of lath and plaster had late been leader there.*'

Charles Stewart Parnell, a penniless Wicklow squire of English descent, was chosen by the Fenians and Ribbonmen—two very different organisations—as presenting, in his nominal character of landlord and Protestant, the most plausible leader of an Irish Agrarian Movement.

Run by a combination of abler, but obscurer, agitators, who, for the benefit of the agitation, attributed to him all the results of their own activity; and shielded from all popular criticism in Ireland by an iron system of adulation and suppression, he became another Wolfe Tone in the fervid imagination of a people of dupes. Though uneducated, idle and ungrateful, he was assiduously puffed as the Admirable Crichton and Washington combined of a regenerated nation.

After joining a section of English Liberals in an attempt to substitute a Crown Colony Constitution for the historic nationhood of Ireland, a shameful intrigue with a colleague's wife, tolerated by his wire-pullers till denounced by the mandate of an English premier, resulted in his desertion by the bulk of his party and in his speedy collapse, political and personal. His end was almost as pitiful as the treachery of his lieutenants was mean.

36. '*A Shgaelie for Clan London*'

Means a story-writer for English people. Mr Justin MacCarthy, an amiable journalist and author of agreeable novels and *Historiettes of Our Own Times* was proclaimed the successor of Parnell, and announced as 'holding

the British Government in the hollow of his hand.' He retired from public life with the consolation of an annuity purchased by members on both sides of the House of Commons, a speaking tribute to his harmless virtues and many accomplishments.

After an interval consecrated to the Melancholy Humbug, Mr John Redmond, dignified, oratorical, and advertising the qualifications of 'Hillsider' and 'Constitutionalist,' reigns in his stead.

37. '*New Attacotts returning to crown Kinncat again.*'

The Revolution of the Attacotts (Athach Tuatha) or non-Celtic tribes of Ireland, against the ruling aristocracy of the Milesian or Gaelic clans is one of the most famous events of early Irish history. It occurred in the first century after Christ, and resulted in the temporary victory of the revolting serfs and in the coronation of their leader as High King of Ireland. The Gaelic ascendency was shortly afterwards restored, and the wrath and scorn of the victors live till this day in the nickname of Kinncat or Cat Head attached to his name, Cairbré Kinn-cait, Carbry of the Cat Head.

The Celtic masters of Ireland, with the oval heads and faces belonging to the true Celts, fastened upon the bullet-skull of the swarthy or black-haired aborigines of non-Aryan race, whom they had reduced to servitude, as the special butt of their triumphant sarcasm.

It is practically certain that the great Gaelic clans, who had invaded and settled in the island, always formed a fair-skinned, grey-eyed and fair-haired minority of the Irish population. The unfree tribes of the Firbolgs and Fomorians, as Gaelic history mentions them, paid in

labour and tribute the privilege of a servile existence. Probably also, like the Helots and Perioikoi of Spartan Lords, they served as light infantry, or Kerne, in the armies of the sovereign race. The advent of Christianity brought early emancipation to these multitudes, and cohabitation through the ages, united with the proud generosity of the Gaelic character, rapidly effaced all real distinction in rank between the two peoples.

Not a few of the noblest Celtic houses, like the O'Conor Dun, attested by the epithet of Dark the presence of the servile blood in the veins of princely men. In the masses of the nation the Cat Heads came to be counted by the hundred thousand, especially in Leinster and Munster, Moy's half of Ireland, while in Conn's half, or Ulster and Connacht, the oval heads and fair hair prevailed.

Thirteen hundred years ago the Irish itinerary of King Aldfrid of Northumbria recorded his passage through the territories of the O'Donnels, a ruling race of the Hy Nialls or O'Neils and described the clan as 'fierce men with fair complexions.' A thousand years later the popular names of *Red* Hugh O'Donnel and *Red* Owen O'Neil, given to Hy Niall princes, attest the persistence of the same pure type in the purest Milesian lineage. As far as blood went, the red-haired Vikings of Sigurd and Brodar, as well as the tall Normans of a later invasion, were nearer in kin to the Celtic chiefs of Erin than myriads of the humbler compatriots of Art O'Cavanagh and Brian of the Tribute.

The wear of ceaseless war on the most indomitable clans, the persecutions directed against the proudest heads and most unbending necks have vastly accelerated the natural rate of disappearance of ruling castes; and

the fair, proud men of an Ulster line can often note with a sigh the dark brows and bullet heads of many an average Irish crowd. Perhaps the ready assimilation of foreign usages, since the ruling Celtic type has weakened and grown less, is not unconnected with the triumph of the Kinn-cait strain in the new democracy.

The tribes of Carbry Cat Head can dominate in the caucuses of universal suffrage, and it may be admitted that the blood of that far-off Irish Spartacus, if deficient in statesmanlike qualities, has hardly shown itself inferior in virile virtue to the stock which came, as the legend hath it, from Spain to Erin with Miledh, the King. Often, too, as in the well-known case of Daniel O'Connell, a notable instance of the mixed blood, the bullet head of the pre-Celtic peoples is united with the lordly frame of the conquering Gael.

N.B.—Miledh is the Gaelic original of the Latinised Milesius, the legendary *Stammvater* of the Irish Celts.

38. The traitors alluded to in this cursing of the caitiffs are MacMorrough, King of Leinster; secondly, the deserter who betrayed the armies of O'Neil and O'Donnel at Kinsale; thirdly, James Blake of Galway, who poisoned Red Hugh O'Donnel; fourthly, Owen O'Connelly, who betrayed Rury O'More's attempt to seize Dublin Castle at the outset of the great rising in 1641; fifthly, Colonel Henry Luttrel, who betrayed the fords of the Shannon to the army of William of Orange at Limerick. The list might be longer.

39. '*The Staff of Jesus came not for pomp of purple boor.*'

The crozier of St Patrick, carefully preserved down to the advent of the new English religion in the sixteenth

century, was known as the Bacul Isu, or Staff of Jesus. It was burned in the open street by a band of English.

40. '*The Lion of St Jarlath*'

Was the popular designation for the great Irish scholar and patriot, John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam. Co-arb means a successor of St Patrick. Sagart is a priest.

41. '*But be the Pope-King's vintage as scarce as Spanish ale,*
Thy Hope, it shall not perish, our Royal Inisfail.'

Wine from the Royal Pope and Spanish ale were covert allusions in the Irish minstrelsy of the sixteenth century to the aid from the Vatican, and the Escurial so often sent against the spoilers of Ireland.

42. '*Within the vast New Island where Holy Brendan came.*'

The voyage of St Brendan, an early Irish bishop, to lands in the Western sea, subsequently identified with America, was a favourite theme of legend in the Middle Ages. '*An Oilean Ur*,' the New Island, is the Gaelic name of America.

43. '*The Red Hag*'

Was the uncomplimentary appellation of sixteenth-century Ireland for the daughter of Anne Boleyn, whose vestal fame is recorded in Raleigh's *Virginia.*

44. '*Wild Geese*'

Was the popular name for the Irish brigades who

passed over the seas from Ireland to fight against England on the Continent, and whom popular longing saw returning every year, till the French Revolution abolished the victorious legion for ever.

45. '*What Malachy hath promised, what Columb spake of old.*'

The prophecies attributed to St Malachy in the twelfth century and St Columbcille in the sixth were among the most frequent consolations of a nation always awaiting justice and liberty.

46. '*The sireless Saxon Squatters.*'

I have already mentioned that the low birth of the mass of piratical adventurers which English policy vomited on Ireland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a constant object of the indignant scorn of the long-descended clans. The ballads of the wandering bards were full of the horrors committed against all that was noble and venerable by these nameless bandits. The minstrels sang to the homeless clansmen how,—

'*The Master's Bawn, the Master's Seat, a surly bodagh fills;*
The Master's Son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills.'

The *bodaghs*, the upstart churls, were to be the new aristocracy of Ireland.

According to the historian Lecky, quoting from Reid's *History of the Irish Presbyterians*, the *bodaghs* were accurately appreciated by some of their British countrymen. 'From Scotland came many, and from England

not a few, *yet all of them generally the scum of both nations.* Going to Ireland was looked on as the miserable mark of a deplorable person.' Some of these deplorable persons took not only our clan lands, but our clan titles, and Earldoms of Clan Carthy and Baronies of O'Neil were accorded to gentry whose most honourable ancestors had hardly ascended to the dignity of the most trivial distinction, ages after kings of the O'Neils, as monarchs of Federated Ireland, had answered the envoys of Charlemagne and Dagobert, and when the banners of MacCarthy Mór still flew over twenty thousand lancers and bowmen, and a hundred abbeys and schools of learning, between the Blackwater and the Ithian Sea.

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